

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1913

JANUARY 2, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

"SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

"He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
His votresses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

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To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parens* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Duchess of Sutherland has probably considerable ground of complaint against the *Evening News*. For on Tuesday last, under the head of "Sayings of the Day," that organ attributed to her Grace the following words:

We live in a transition period; the old days of patronage and of the rich being kind to the poor are coming to an end.

Without its context this bald passage might help people to conclusions about the views of the Duchess of Sutherland which would not be of the pleasantest. "The days of patronage and of the rich being kind to the poor" are not coming to an end. "The days of patronage" may be coming to an end, but the day when the rich will cease to be kind to the poor is very far distant, and it does not become Duchesses or other fortunately-placed, and presumably rich, persons to herald it with trumpets. The only business in life of him or her who possesses is to give, which is a blessed act. When the rich cease to be kind to the poor the rich will cease to be worth a moment's consideration, or a moment's mercy. We are aware that there is in existence a type of rich person who professes to look upon "charity" as a harmful and degrading thing, and who buttons up his pocket and makes his heart as a flint, all for the moral benefit of the indigent. When this kind of rich person wishes to save his conscience he sends a cheque for half a guinea to some hide-bound charitable organisation, which can be warranted to keep a starving man filling up forms and producing certificates of character for weeks on end before he will be advanced so much as a shilling. The rich need no charity organisation, and the poor need no characters. The fact of their poverty should be character enough for any reasonable being. Despite the Duchess of Sutherland, our advice to rich people is that they should give continually and without any other than ordinary discrimination. The cant about "deserving cases" is sheer cant. If you have superfluous money, give it

away, and make a point of giving it to the poor. One hears continuously of misdirected charity. We should like to wager that the sum total of the money given away in the course of a year in England by rich people to poor people who don't deserve it would be as a molehill to a mountain compared with the sums which the rich will spend in a year on gegaws for the rich, who don't need them. The wealthy humbug who will spend fifty pounds on a diamond brooch to present to the bride of some young gentleman richer than himself omits to give the battered and, it may be, gin-sodden match-seller, with a babe in her arms, a shilling, on the grounds that she is probably undeserving. This is absolutely the wrong principle. If all of us, rich and poor, received only what we deserve, the rich amongst us, at any rate, would receive a great deal less. Let the Duchess of Sutherland follow the dictates of her heart, and let her be most careful not to follow or suggest that other people should follow the stupid exhortations of the curmudgeon.

We have received the appended letter from that wonderful poetess, Miss Acadia Panter:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an unwarrantable attack upon me appearing in THE ACADEMY of December 26th regarding my Sonnet on Milton, published in *The Outlook* of December 12th. First, I will demand why your critic presumes to insinuate to your readers (after suddenly breaking off his quotation from my sonnet, which, by the way, was not sent to him for review) that "Modesty compels me not to proceed further," thereby implying that my verse contains something offensive to decency? Is not this a striking instance of libel by implication? I protest against this grave libel. I regret the absence of poetic perception in your critic when he asks, "Will no one tell us what she sings?" concerning these lines:

"Then climb didst loftiest where Olympus' mount
sublime
Cradleth the clouds, and Morn's child sunbeams leap!"

I will instruct Ignorance as follows:—Milton, I here suggest by imagery, soared in the later period of his career as a poet, even above his earlier exquisite verse-power, into regions of a *diviner sublimity*, where he mentally beheld, springing from the Cloud-mystery of Eternity, the young Morn of Time in Eden, as pictured by him so fresh and fair.

I trust this definition of my meaning will not overmount your critic's understanding! Then he carps at a *plus* in the tenth line. Here, unfortunately for his pre-eminence as a critic, he shows an astonishing ignorance of technique, the most simple of the art of poetry. One of the greatest effects of ease in versification is obtained by the appropriate use of the *plus* or *minus* in the line. Is he quite unaware that Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and others of our greatest sonneteers use frequently either the one or other to fortify or smooth the cadence of their measures?

Lastly, I take serious objection to the word "*graceless*" as employed by him in his attack on me. The dictionary meaning for that word is "abandoned," "profligate." For the entirety of these libellous statements I must request a public apology from you, to be inserted in your paper, and also in the *Outlook*.—Yours faithfully,

L. L. ACADIA PANTER.

Miss Panter is clever enough to save us a great deal of trouble. Her letter speaks for itself. We do not suppose for a moment that anybody in his senses would be able to construe our phrase about "modesty" into a suggestion that Miss Panter's "sonnet" contained "something offensive to decency." We refrained from quoting the whole of her "sonnet" for very simple reasons, not unconnected with the law of copyright. We should be sorry if any foolish person, not even forgetting Miss Panter herself, should misconstrue what

we said. And we shall be pleased to express this sorrow in *The Outlook* at the cost and charge of the editor of that journal as soon as he, on his part, expresses the regrets which he owes to his readers for having foisted on them such an uncouth piece of work as Miss Panter's fourteen lines of German-English.

And this brings us to a far more serious case. Some weeks ago we had occasion to notice what we can only describe as a distinct failure in the matter of critical sagacity on the part of Mr. W. L. Courtney, who, it will be remembered, devoted a column and a half of the valuable space of the *Daily Telegraph* to a flowery appreciation of Miss Maud Allan's fribbling book, "My Life and Dancing." As we pointed out at the time, Mr. Courtney rounded off his foolish pæan by misquoting one of the most familiar tags in Wordsworth, an offence which would have been shocking in a schoolboy, and is quite unpardonable in a person of Mr. Courtney's presumed literary consequence. Among other literary offices, Mr. Courtney edits *The Fortnightly Review*, and he has just issued a number of that review for January. It contains a poem initialled "W. L. C.," from which we take the following stanzas:

How shall we pay the debt we owe
To the God who ordains the tribute just?
How can the creatures that are but dust
Give of their fulness, or out of their woe,
To the Primal Fate who arranges it so
Not as we will it, but as we must?

How shall he pay it, old and grey,
Whose feet just skirt an open grave?
Little enough has he managed to save
From the dolorous toil of every day—
Little enough! He can but repay
His life, his life, to the God who gave.

Our opinion of Miss Maud Allan's literary abilities is not an exalted opinion. But we imagine that if she were put to it seriously she could write a better poem than this of "W. L. C.'s," and we assert that we have here still another case of an editor printing verses which lack the distinction one has a right to expect in poetry appearing in a literary organ of supposed weight and importance. Mr. Courtney's effort has just one good point about it—namely, that it enables us to conclude by implication that the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* has not gone over to the camp of literary atheism. On this fact we may congratulate both himself and his readers; and we do so sincerely.

Yet in another part of the field, as it were, we find Mr. Courtney publishing a seventeen-page article, entitled speciously "The New Poetry." Now, an article so named is obviously calculated to excite the anticipations. And there are people in the world who, observing such a title on the cover of *The Fortnightly*, would be provoked to buy and peruse. But, unfortunately for itself, *The Fortnightly* prints on its cover opposite the article the name of the author, which is the name of a gentleman who has been wont to describe himself in *Who's Who* as "literary editor of the *Daily Mail*." So that the wise know exactly what to expect, nor will they be disappointed.

"The New Poetry," if you please, consists simply and solely of an impudent puff of the poetical works of none other than the "tousy tyke." We use the words "impudent" and "puff" advisedly. That there may be no mistake as to the sense in which we employ these words, we will set forward their meaning as stated in

the nearest dictionary, which happens to be Chambers's:

IMPUDENT: Wanting shame or modesty, brazen-faced.
PUFF: An exaggerated expression of praise.

We contend that nothing in the way of critical writing could be more shameless or brazen-faced than the following "gems of critical appreciation" by the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*:

"To destroy this unfit world, and make it over again in my own image"—that is the task Mr. Davidson has set for himself, and it is essentially a religious task. We desire to invite from serious people—if, indeed, it be necessary—a patient respect and attention for this utterance.

We should grievously misrepresent Mr. Davidson, however, if we presumed to show him as a disappointed kicker against the pricks. . . . He is magnificently above complaint.

A world without worship, for example, immediately suggests to the ordinary mind a world without reverence or guiding sense of any kind: a dreadful place. Yet Mr. Davidson means something very different from that; the "knowledge" of his sentence is a deep and high thing, very different from the ordinary man's mere cognisance of things, and includes what the ordinary man would feel when he used the word "worship."

This latter piece of delicate sophistry, by the way, is the comment of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* on the following words of Mr. Davidson:

We can never know enough that man is the universe capable of self-consciousness, that there is nothing higher than man. This is the knowledge that will change the world.

We are told, further, that "there can be no question of the grandeur of his [Mr. Davidson's] conception of life and the universe; it is immensely stimulating, it is brave, it is inspiring, it is tremendous." The fact that it is also impious and blasphemous, the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* carefully omits to mention.

Now, as to the "puff." We assert that the following statements with regard to the genius of the "tousy tyke" and the beauty of his multifarious small works are so many "exaggerated expressions of praise":

Mr. Davidson is more staple in intellect than Burns was, his mind is far better equipped, and far more powerful; he is more spiritual than Carlyle, and therefore he talks of matter, while Carlyle talked of Spirit—both meaning wonderfully nearly the same thing. Less perfect a poet than Burns, less tremendous an intellectual power than Carlyle, yet of splendid poetic and intellectual endowment, Mr. Davidson completes this triad of Presbyterian Scotland's revolt against the world and Christianity.

[Mr. Davidson's publications] make up a body of work which contains, one would say, every quality of genius that can command attention and following, not from the few, but from the many.

It is literally true of this poet that you cannot open any book of his without finding on the chance page an example of peerless mastery in the use and combination of words, as well as powerful, stimulating, original thought.

As for our poet himself, we certainly do not deem it likely that the Poetic Spirit will again manifest itself in so generous a quality during this century; might the world but realise that, and learn to offer some welcome to that Spirit, when from beyond Time and Space he comes to make sojourn with us, it would be well for the world.

It is notable that, in common with the rest of the "tousy tyke's" champions, the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* does not attempt to substantiate his noble view of our poet's "great Testaments" by

quotation of the more idiotic and blasphemous passages in the last of them. If such quotation had been duly and properly made, Mr. Courtney could not very well have printed the article, at any rate side by side with his own poem about the Deity. And thus the "tousy tyke" would have missed his advertisement. As it is, the readers of *The Fortnightly Review* are, in our opinion, being not quite fairly dealt by. First, in that they are invited to believe that the writings of Mr. Davidson represent "the new poetry"; and, secondly, in that Mr. Davidson's blasphemies are not nailed to the counter, but glossed over and praised with faint and half-hearted damns. We are not astonished that the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* should have committed himself to such a sophisticated and dubious appraisal of a middling poet, but we consider that it is at once amazing and distressing that the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* should permit him to do it in a journal which lays claim to serious importance. We sympathise with Mr. Courtney to a certain extent, and, as a sort of golden rule for his editorial guidance in the future, let us advise him to be aware of the contributions of persons who have at any time been associated with the *Daily Mail*. The judgments of such people may be sincerely and honestly intended, but they are bound, in the fundamental nature of things, to be crooked and unsound.

We have received the second number of *The English Review*, which may be considered notable, inasmuch as it contains a long ballad by Dante Gabriel Rossetti which has not before been published. Here are the first four stanzas:

Full of smoke was the quaint old room
And of pleasant winter-heat;
Whence you might hear the hall-door slap,
And the wary shuffling of feet
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out
Into the ice-paved street.

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch;
Ten golden pieces rare
Lay in his hand; with neighbour Spratz
He had smoked for a wager there;
He laughed, and from his neighbour's pipe
He looked to his neighbour's chair.

Even as he laughed, the evening shades
Rose stealthily and spread,
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun
And hid his shining old head,
As though he too had his evening pipe
Before he tumbled to bed.

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat:
It caused him an inward grin,
When he heard the blast shake shutter and blind
With its teeth-chattering din,
To fancy the many who froze without
While he sat thawing within.

We can well understand that Rossetti himself should not have seen fit to include this ballad in his serious poetical publications, and the persons who have unearthed it for the consideration of a gaping world have a surer eye for the main chance than they can be said to have for the memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. For the rest, No. 2 of *The English Review* is neither better nor worse than No. 1. We have no doubt that there is plenty of "poetry" in existence which has hitherto been considered unpublishable by the eminent hands who wrote it; and people possessed of such stuff may be glad to know that *The English Review* is apparently prepared to make a market on it.

THE DEAD SAILOR

WOULD I had herded goats upon the brown
Stones where Pan pipes at noonday, and I knew
Cyllene still, and the webbed clouds that strew
Their shadows on her fine-breathed mountain crown,
And o'er Stympalus. Better are her down,
Rough with grey lavender and clots of thyme,
Her thorn-choked gullies and bright-streaming rime,
Than where the Hyades have washed me down.

For not this sod, nor this blue-lettered stone,
Nor high Nonacris holds my relics; these
O'er Doliche or steep-up Dracanon
Are broken on sands by the Icarian seas,
And by the lentisk-bush mark is strown
In grave-deep herbage of the Arcades.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE SUFFRAGIST PARLIAMENT

IT has been said that while woman is most fertile in the manufacture of trouble, she can be equally ingenious in discovering ways out. There is an old tale of a woman who had a banking account. The banker sent her a beautiful pink cheque book, and whenever she wanted money she wrote in it. And one fine morning the banker wrote to point out that the lady's account was "seriously overdrawn." Whereupon she wrote sweetly again in her pretty pink book and "begged to enclose cheque for the amount." The banker gasped, as bankers will. And so we are inclined to gasp when we find the Suffragist factions beginning to look round for a dear, delightful feminine way out of the Donnybrook Fair they have themselves created. "We want the vote" has ceased lately to be a cry of the smallest importance. The mob, which has ever possessed its full share of horse sense, is no longer amused by this shibboleth, and it has already determined that woman with a vote would be an entirely deadly and dangerous creature. What we are pleased to consider the ruling classes are a trifle wobbly and tremulous on the point; but they take good care that while soft speeches and counsels of patience may be forthcoming, the vote for an Englishwoman is kept just as far off as ever it was. The Suffragists themselves recognise these important facts. Some of them shriek all the louder in consequence. Others of them are bent on the saving of the face, the *modus vivendi*, compromise, and a delectable way out. In this latter category we must give a high place to Miss Caroline E. Stephens, who, in the current issue of *The Nineteenth Century*, publishes an article entitled, "A Consultative Chamber of Women." Miss Stephens believes "that a Consultative Chamber of Women recognised by Parliament would satisfy many of the women, who are now taking it for granted that votes are the only possible channel for the expression of their opinion on legislative questions." And she goes on to say that in her opinion it would not "be beyond the skill of constitutional experts to devise such a method if three main conditions were kept in view," the three main conditions being as follows:—

1. The political office of women should be purely consultative, not legislative.
2. Women should be elected to fill this office by women only.
3. The representatives thus chosen should deliberate in a separate chamber.

She adds: "My dream would be" ["dream" is an engaging feminine touch] "that a certain number of representative women (say two for each county) should meet during the session of Parliament to consider, revise and suggest amendments to any Bills sent to them by either House, *at its own discretion*. These would, of course, be chiefly Bills relating to social subjects, and especially those affecting women and children—for example, educational, sanitary, and Poor Law measures; such Bills to be returned to the House in which they originated, *by which the women's suggestions could be either adopted or rejected, as the House saw fit*."

The italics are our own. Miss Stephens is clearly a sound, old-fashioned, womanly woman, and we take this opportunity of rising up most respectfully and calling her blessed. For the good creature has actually hit upon the way out. A wagonette with white horse should be prepared for her at once, and the sooner Miss Christabel Pankhurst calls to render the lady her allegiance and fealty, the better it will be for all parties concerned. We approve most heartily of the aforesaid proposals, because, while they should quieten all sections of the Suffragists, they amount practically to nothing. Women will elect their county representatives, who will meet and deliberate, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "in a separate chamber"; the Lords and Commons will send down Bills, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "at their own discretion," in order to give the woman's chamber suitable opportunities for the suggestion of amendments, and, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "such Bills will be returned to the House in which they originated, by which the women's suggestion can be either adopted or rejected, as the House saw fit." What woman in her right mind could desire more? She will get her vote. She will be able to prance round excitedly at election times, and she will have a chamber in which her own particular and special representatives may hold forth at length, and, if needs be, pull each other's hair to their hearts' content. And out of this chamber is to come forth, not peremptoriness, not rude demand and impudent insistence, but sweet and comfortable suggestion, which the other chambers may adopt or disregard according to their own sweet will and pleasure. We are all the more in favour of this scheme because it seems to us to be a perfectly natural scheme, and possessed of many of the attributes which are commonly associated with successful domesticity. In every properly-managed household, women, and even little girls, have a vote. The man who fights the wolf and pays the beer bills, be he ever such a hector, and ever such a master, and ever such a bully, does in reality consult his womenkind in pretty well all the actions of his domestic life. When he proposes to go forth in a silk hat, it is a woman who suggests to him mildly and by way of amendment that the glass is going down, that it seems to her that we may have some rain, and hadn't he better put on a bowler, or take an umbrella? This is a trivial matter, and my lord can either accept the suggestion or reject it. In any case, the lady has done her duty; she has registered her protest, she has given him due warning and counsel, and she has consequently fulfilled the duties of her being. It is so when the man proposes to take a holiday, or when he purposes buying a house, or when he is of opinion that the garden requires to be "re-done up." The woman will vote on these questions, because it is her natural right so to do, and she will formulate more suggestions and amendments in five minutes than would fill a pantechicon. The man accepts or rejects, as seems to him best, and the inner spirit of Pankhurst, which inhabits all feminine breasts, flaps its wings in triumph or feels snubbed, as the case may be. This has been the rule of life from time immemorial. Adam

was doing very well in Paradise, but Eve insisted on bringing in an amendment or suggestion, and the bitter consequence of it is that here we are. It is perfectly obvious that a system which has conferred such benefits on the individual might be brought to bear with equal profit upon the affairs of the State. We consider that the hands of the present Government, at any rate, would be greatly strengthened by such a chamber as Miss Stephens suggests. If ever there was a Prime Minister who was plainly in immediate need of the advice and support of the Blessing of Heaven, that Minister is Mr. Asquith. And another really serious case is that of Mr. Lloyd George. Here, at least, you have persons of splendid genius who would be running round to the Consultative Chamber quite frequently. At question time in the Commons we should have Mr. Asquith explaining that he did not propose to answer the right hon. gentleman opposite until he had consulted with the Ladies. And Mr. Lloyd George would tell us that he had decided to rob such-and-such hen-roosts, on the advice of the supporters of the Government "in another place," at which he hoped he might be permitted to call "the Boudoir." We believe indeed that the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might find the Consultative Chamber so helpful and so restful and so soothing to tired and weary brains that they would be fain to go and live there. What is more, when the dignity of the Ladies had become sufficiently established, it seems to us more than possible that "elevation to the Boudoir" might become an honour similar in degree to elevation to the Lords. Lady Grove would like this, not to mention Lady McLaren, who, we take it, would insist that Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Israel Zangwill, and the rest of the "chivalrous knights" who have "so nobly assisted the women's cause," should be made the first recipients of the honour. And in process of time, no doubt, when the average height of womankind has risen to anything between eight and nine feet as Lady Grove so majestically prophesies, there will be such a rush of poor little five-foot-five men into the Boudoir, that the Lords will be entirely vacated, and the ambition of all political male persons will be to become peeresses. Depend upon it that here we have the only sure method of dealing drastically with the gilded chamber as it now exists, and we commend the idea to that great reformer, Mr. Augustine Birrell, in order that unnecessary bloodshed may be prevented. Let us have a Woman's Consultative Chamber by all means. It will please the women, whom Heaven help, and it will take that furtive look out of the eyes of the poor, hunted persons who are so anxious about Cabinet Ministers' pensions.

THE COUNSEL OF RETROGRESSION

WHAT strikes them as the melancholy spectacle of British Art has often left our censors mourning; their critical tears well forth because of its desperate condition. The writer in the *Saturday Review* (we hope for pardon if we give its name in full) these many months has uttered his lament over the shallowness of present efforts and achievement compared with the graver inspirations of an earlier time. Considering his environment—and we refer less to Southampton Street than to Great Russell Street—this is very natural, for at the Museum he is steeped in the fine austerity of very earnest work. Conspicuously among critics Mr. Binyon has lifted voice against the eclipse of serious artistic endeavour by the flashy notes of colour, *plein air*, and line, which so engross so many of our younger bloods as to lead to the public exhibition of the merest sketch-book jottings, *ad nauseam*. Mr. Binyon's message is "For heaven's sake, give us less of this competition with the actual

realism of Nature, if by so doing you can see your way to more of the dignity, design, and import of the older masters." Thus far the scholarly pen at work in the *Saturday Review* deserved the eager gratitude of all who inevitably are depressed by the glut of tricky superficialities which at present cumber us.

For consider but a moment how epidemic is this sickness, how it flourishes in New English Art, how it has carried off, bodily almost, the young disciples of Impressionism and Whistler. It assails the technicalities of painting seriously, and more deeply yet the mental fibre of our Art. The other day we had it from an artist of considerable rank, whose opinion, say, is probably tinged by his particular obsession, that the art of painting, so as to extract the full quality and colour of pigments, is as lost as that of oratory. And certainly modern exhibitions are rich in unmasterly bravura, in pigments piled to dull opacity, in coarse, unbeautiful technique. Regretfully, we find Mr. Tonks' latest canvas, "The Strolling Players," exposing this annoying quality, destroying thus his usual distinction. This, then, is the one flaw of contemporary technique: the opposing one is more disgusting; but between an excess of freedom, which easily is confused with wildness and unpleasant texture, and an academic soapiness, there is ground for a safe and beautiful manipulation.

But this dashing spirit now abroad is more disastrous to the mental quality in pictures, fathering execution rather than a thoughtful art. So that painters go about intent on the hasty indication of obvious effects, and a modern symbolism, pregnant with menace, can be seen on the horizon. Tumbling over each other in the desire of deft "impressions," our artists have no ambition to cherish the unobvious and subtle revelations of Nature: the standard of the ideal is threatened by the baldness, or slightness, of those in high places, who, in their abhorrence of finish, fail to satisfy the definition of completion so justly set forth by Rousseau.

Such grounds there are, then, for Mr. Binyon's uneasiness, and while he is content with demanding more dignity of composition, thought and form at the expense of all this "snapshotting" of effects he must command our attention and sympathy. But when we see him, as the other day, unfeignedly preaching a return to the past for salvation rather than a further excursion to Nature our sympathy is curtly checked. For what does he suggest as the cure for "the raw literalism of clever bits of observation"? As far as one follows him, he advocates what he is eager to condemn—namely, the throwing away of our inheritance, and a trooping back to pre-Turnerian water-colour in place of Nature; whereby, abandoning the precious qualities of sunniness, of atmosphere, and breeze, now seen to be translatable in paint, we shall regain the "static elements" of Girtin's art, which, though wonderful in beauty, is an immature expression, cut off in its adolescence. We would suggest that if it were expedient to revert to older methods, why should we not select the water-colours of Turner and David Cox, which reached maturity? But, after all, the safer plan, regarding the probabilities and the history of Art, would be for our painters in a body to throw off this burden of clever bits of observation by seriously approaching Nature herself, taking with them, as a map, the precious legacies of Turner and Barbizon, of Whistler and Impressionism.

We cannot say whether at the time of Claude or Rousseau it was accepted that the final range of artistic expression had been gained, that Titian and Delacroix had reached the summit. Nowadays it seems we are resigned to the enervating conclusion that Rembrandt, Turner, Corot, Whistler, and Claude Monet have filled the book of Art, leaving for our embroideries but the margins and the covers. If, however, we will brush from our eyes the webs of our proper awe of these masters' accomplishments, looking out on Nature we

shall everywhere see that the infinities of character, of form, of light and atmospheric influences have been only fingered in the past, and that the London Thames, or Berkeley Square in the winter's sunset, a slum in Notting Dale, or Piccadilly Circus glowing through the obscuring mists of nightfall, suggest what even Turner never neared, while within doors, the quiet light and subduing atmosphere of almost any room gird at the hard prose of those dreary interiors which seem peculiarly beloved by New English Art. Realising this, the most despondent critic need preserve a little hope, and set about proclaiming the only cure for contemporary stagnation. Very clearly he will see that our painters have no call to relapse to the period of more incomplete compromise, but that they must arm them with the utmost they can learn from modern art, and set about renewed perception in the fields of Nature.

And, on the other hand, the optimists are justified in taking courage here and there. For there are not wanting, in Dering Yard, and in Scotland, and in that contemned and motley gathering at Burlington House, clear signs of substantial promise, and more rarely of notable achievement: work of which any period in Art might well be proud. Holding firmly on his own course, observant of external influences, though independent of them, Mr. Aumonier, for example, makes yearly for a vaster expression of Nature's bigger aspects. And, ably proving that to be enrolled with Academicians does not necessarily involve decadence, Mr. Clausen has undoubtedly attained the rare position of revealer. To posterity his name will be significant of a rarely beautiful and adequate approach to the poetry of sunlight and shadow, and of foliage flickering in the light and wind. Unequaled, so far, has been his expression of these qualities. Another painter in whom the sure advance towards the impressive wonder of the Infinite in light and atmospheric influence can cheer the pessimists is Mr. Annesley Brown, who perceptibly acquires more penetrating insight. With such men as these, we think the future of our Art is intimately bound up, for they are never so complacent as to throw off smugly slight suggestions, nor so unfertile as to revert to mannerism by frankly throwing overboard the possibilities revealed to them of attempting the real light and atmosphere which are Nature.

They, on the other hand, who wilfully maim their art by lopping from it "the charm of lightness, of airy and translucent colour," though they may please Mr. Binyon by their pleasant company, are making straight, without excuse, for mannerism; and for a pretty comprehensive definition of the mannerist, Constable's is far from despicable.

BEAUTY

THE seeker after beauty has fallen on evil times, for unless he be a hermit content to pass his days in the country, or a Poet inhabiting a dream-world of his own, or has that fine temper of things spiritual, he can never hope to behold The Blessed Vision, to bless his eyes with a glimpse of the loveliness that is at once without reproach, and beyond criticism. And even for the hermit the haunts of peace and dwelling-places of Beauty grow yearly harder to find and more difficult to keep with the inroads of the motor, and the increasing invasion of the tripper, with his noise, his sacrilege, his trail of banana skins and dirty paper. The hermit finds Beauty in his surroundings, the poet and spiritually-minded in their own dreams and thoughts, but how seldom do we see it in the human face. A hideous age truly, whose children grow daily more animal-like—the board school notwithstanding, and the ways of higher education. If this higher education be reflected from the faces and conversation of those we see in the crowded train, or pass in the busy street, the epithet applied to our present educa-

tionary system is a paradox, a hopeless misnomer. But if education consists of a taste for cheap literature, and cheaper journalism, of a love of tawdry finery, and sham jewellery, then we are the most educated people in the world. In the faces of how many persons that sit opposite to us in the railway carriage, or at the restaurant—be they those of the rich or poor—can we trace a thought beyond the thought of self, and of that self's baser desires and appetites! False ideas, false complexions, false hair—these are to be heard and seen in plenty, but how rarely do we surprise in the eyes of those who throng our streets and railways, that awed and sacred light of the spirit within, whose rays are truth and purity and loveliness. It is a light that we do not look for in the eyes of the very young—in them we look for the joy of life, that first and purest child of Beauty, but how seldom do we find it, rather do we surprise discontent, peevishness, ill-temper, proofs of a nature warped and spoiled by licence and a surfeit of its own desires. The child is father to the man; can we hope that out of such sterile soil will spring the good seed that no one has taken the trouble to sow—a love and honour of parents, a reverence of things pure, holy, and of good report? No; such a child was yonder stodgy youth who chuckles to himself over the obscenities of his so-called sporting paper; such a child, the girl who sits opposite with her penny novelette, who has drawn off her gloves that we may see the rings upon her dirty hands. And can we hope to find that light in the eyes of those their richer brothers and sisters, whose only god is wealth, who sleep and eat and drink between the whites of more questionable pleasures? Look at them as they file into some fashionable after-theatre resort! Rouge on the face of youth, the hair of dead woman on its brow, the powdered cheek, the bisted eye, the sickly perfume, and the idle clatter! Is it here that you would see the face of Beauty, hear her voice? Aye, the form is here, but not the spirit. For Beauty looks and speaks from the soul, and here we eat, drink, and are merry, for to-morrow we die. It is a curious and mournful reflection on the civilising claims of Christianity, and its spiritualising influences, that here, now in the twentieth century after Christ, we, as a nation, are less enlightened worshippers of, and seekers after Beauty than were the pagan Greeks and Romans. We have a less universal appreciation—if, indeed, we have any at all—of what Beauty is than had the worshippers of Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus. And this is because the Greeks and Romans followed the only ennobling way of education: they sought—and with what success history shows—to inculcate a love of the beautiful in the hearts and minds of their children. And is it not true, and proved in the case of the Greeks themselves, that a love of the beautiful, and a practice of it, give beautiful forms and faces to its disciples? For such a love teaches restraint, moderation, refinement, and after a while comes to be reflected from the faces of those who practise it. Even athleticism was looked upon by the Greeks as a means to the attainment of physical beauty, giving, as it does, the elastic step, the clear skin, the bright eye of perfect health. But here, again, we have gone astray: we do not practise athletics from any aesthetic sense, but as a means of money-making, or of gaining cheap notoriety, as worshippers of that golden calf which to-day serves us in the place of Apollo. And we have so much more to beautify our thoughts, and spiritualise our lives than had the Greeks and Romans, for to us the Blessed Vision has been vouchsafed, with the bread of life, if we will but eat, the living water if we will but drink. And it is from the lives and faces only of those who have eaten of this bread, and drunken of this water, that we catch a glimpse of The Loveliness.

REACH-ME-DOWN LUCAS

WE continue to be a nation of shopkeepers. And whereas there was a time when some of us were supposed not to keep shop, and when some of us made a pretence of not keeping shop, at the present moment even the very finest and most exclusive of us would appear to have turned huckster. Now the excuse for huckstering, as put forward by the huckstering element, has always been that times are bad, that genius is seldom properly paid, and that one must live. On the whole we are disposed to agree that something is to be said for these arguments. The poet who finds himself equal to, say, one thin small volume per annum, cannot hope—unless he be a very lucky man indeed—to keep the wolf at bay on the proceeds. It is clear that he must eke out his income in other ways. He may review, he may write for the comic papers, he may prepare anthologies, he may even work at the British Museum, or get a soft job at the Treasury. The poor devil has to live, and the poor devil's wife and children are just as hungry and just as anxious to keep warm as the next man's wife and children. So that when you find a poet doing his best with the scissors, or with the feather duster on that heavy rag "note" stamped with the crown, which is so useful in Government offices, you must not be displeased with him, but disposed rather to applaud him for a great man, fighting his way through the world like a common, little, ordinary man.

If Mr. E. V. Lucas were a poet we should be sorry for him. And while we should still be compelled to say our say about his work in other departments, we might temper our civilities with a certain mercy. As it is Mr. Lucas is not a poet of any parts. He has never published a volume of strict poetry; he writes here, there, and everywhere under various pseudonyms; he is an authority on Lamb, and a great purveyor of children's books; he writes comic almanacs; he is a contributor to *Punch*; and he has compiled many successful anthologies. Now it is plain that a man with so varied a mind is cut out by nature for a literary shopkeeper. Here is your beautiful French-polished counter. Behind it is a charming array of vermilion canisters with gilt on them. And between the counter and the canisters, with his hair neatly parted and pencil behind ear, and all bows, smiles and fine manners stands Mr. E. V. Lucas. "Good-morning, madam; beautiful weather we are having. Humour, mum; yes, mum. We have a very choice little article here called 'If,' price one shilling, and a cheap line, mum. Full of pictures of fat men, just sufficiently vulgar—you'll parding me, won't you, mum—and warranted not to make you laugh in an unseemly fashion. One shilling net, mum. Perhaps you would like something a little more serious—get down the top left-hand canister, Johnnie—here you are, mum, a sweetly pretty line for the household—'Domesticities'—all about muffins and bright firesides and carpet slippers and hot tea. And for missy, mum—oh, yes, mum, we have a speciality for young missies, mum—teaches them always to be good and kind, mum, and to spend their money on copies of the *Sphere*, edited by Mr. Shorter, mum, and contributed to—if I may say so, mum—by yours truly." And so the little man might continue *ad nauseam* and as grocers will.

If you asked him for literary mousetraps he would oblige you. He has made a special study of the market and of public requirements, and he makes a point of "being out of nothing." All goods of the far-famed Lucas brand are guaranteed of fine quality and up to sample, and are issued to patrons in accordance with the provisions of the literary food and drugs act. You can depend on them, and though he may say it himself as shouldn't, Mr. Lucas never sent out a bad

tin in his life. This is greatly to the credit of his neat spick-and-span, double-fronted, plate-glass windowed, brisk, bright and breezy little establishment, and we shall not deny it. One of the Lucas leading lines for the present season consists for the most part of other people's poetry. It is all about women—woman in the shape of the Suffragists being pretty much to the fore just now—and it is warranted to suit all tastes and every pocket. The article is called "Her Infinite Variety." This title is excellent. And of course our principal did not invent it himself, and he desires to be grateful to Mr. J. L. Garvin for the title. All the rest of the book, excepting, of course, the words in it, are Mr. Lucas's own. Quite legitimate and proper. The book is divided up into compartments, and it is in the bestowing of appropriate sub-titles on these compartments, and on the arrangement under the sub-titles of appropriate matter that Mr. Lucas particularly shines. Here are a few of the sub-titles:—"The Buds" (this means little girls); "Virginal" (explains itself); "The Poets and the Ideal" (Good Lord!); "A West Country Bevy," "Daughters of Erin," "The Tender North" (the requirements of all classes met, you will note, with neatness and dispatch); "Wayside Flowers" (dear, dear!); "Shakespeare's Women," "Sir Walter's Ladies" (a choice and gratifying distinction); "Good Company" (whoever knew a woman who wasn't); "The Wife Perfect" (naturally); "Family Friends," "Mothers" (heaven, home and mother!); "Dianas" (do you hunt?); "Aunts and Grandmothers" (a shrewd touch); "Adventurers" (where's my fan?); and "Dead Ladies." Nothing in the world could be more complete or more closely calculated to appease the righteous demands of all purchasers of reach-me-down goods.

To his help, aid and assistance under these various ravishing heads, Mr. Lucas has summoned the mighty dead from Shakespeare to Leigh Hunt, and the mighty living from Mr. Wilfrid Whitten to his own perky and business-like self. There is no deception. Each author gets his name; each of them is represented by his mildest, most dulcet, or most bewitching utterances; nothing unsavoury or unsafe has been allowed to creep in, and the volume is quite fit to be adopted as a reading book in young ladies' schools, and, for that matter, might constitute a pillow book for that ardent admirer of little singing birds, Mr. Max Beerbohm. "Her Infinite Variety" is a book into which you may dip or let anybody else dip, just as you might dip into a bran pie. It is full of threepenny bits and they are all bright and shiny, and though some of them are wrapped up in a paper that has a motto on it which it is intended to make you cry, the tears you will shed, if you shed them, will be "happy tears." On the face of it there is no great harm in all this, any more than there is harm in other kinds of shopkeeping. The pity of it is that literature should be dragged down and scissored, if not exactly butchered, to make a feminine holiday. "Her Infinite Variety" is a book for young men to give to their sweethearts, and old men to give to their wives when they wish to curry favour with them. Mr. Lucas intended it "as such."

Out of his own writings it can be proved that he knows a good deal about women, and he will not contend that, though this book represents woman in many of her infinite varieties, it does really represent what it purports to represent. That is to say, the picture is not filled out in accordance with the title. And why not? Well, it would not have been "safe," and consequently it would not have been business. In other words, it would not have been smart shopkeeping. We say seriously that it is evil for letters that such books as "Her Infinite Variety" should be thrust upon a gaping market. The public taste should not be mollicoddled and pandered for in this subservient

manner. If anybody wishes to know about Shakespeare's women, let him read Shakespeare, who has writ plain and bold for the reading of all who run. The plausible scissors of Mr. Lucas can be of no earthly use. It is so in the case of Sir Walter Scott; it is so in the case of Robert Burns, and in the cases of all the rest of them who happen to be of consequence. Of Mr. Whitten it is true we should never have heard as gynæolater had it not been for Mr. Lucas, but none of us—not even the women—would have repined for that. And had it not been for Mr. Lucas we should never have suspected that a woman who unfortunately suffers from congenital idiocy has any sort of right to a compartment in his box of pretty pictures. It is true that the poor creature in question has been invested with some pathos by her poet, the poet being Mr. Lucas himself, but that she represents a "variety" in the sense of Mr. Lucas's title is preposterous on the face of it. And if the poem had been by any other hand than his own, the strict anthologist in him would most certainly have prevented him from including it. We are far from wishing to asperse Mr. Lucas in his figure as a literary person. His single contribution to serious letters has been an important and creditable contribution. As journalist, also, he is not without a legitimately-earned distinction. But as sheer shopkeeper we do not like him, and we shall refuse to like him. Mr. William Archer would doubtless call the literature of England "a mine of gold." It is right that we should have a high opinion of literature, and that if we are trite enough to describe English literature as a gold mine we should not be altogether blameworthy; but when we become literal about it, and begin to serve up gold out of our mine in the shape of gilt on gingerbread for the sentimentalist and the feather-head, we resolve ourselves into one of the undesirable hangers-on of the decent Muses. People will buy "Her Infinite Variety" for a boudoir book. Why should Mr. Lucas press Shakespeare and the rest of them into the service of chiffon and the curling tongs? Literature ought never be confounded with face cream.

A DISCOVERY OF FAIRYLAND

THE honest truth about fairies has yet to be written. We have previously pointed out in these columns that literary opinion on the subject is not to be trusted. It is the pose of our minor poets, and of our middling journalists, that they believe in fairies, and that they can put their inky fingers on Fairyland at any moment, if they so desire. We cannot count ourselves among the fervent holders of this faith in fairies. Quite half of the people who write about it, write giggling clap-trap, which the other half dare not but applaud for fear of being considered "out of the movement." Hence we are all the more disposed to welcome a real square and fair handling of fairies and Fairyland when it happens to come our way. And we are of opinion that it has come our way with considerable force and certitude at His Majesty's Theatre, where Mr. Tree is now producing nightly, to audiences which have been rather thinned out by the late blizzard, a piece of fairy drama entitled, flatly and obviously enough, *Pinkie and the Fairies*. The author of this work, Mr. W. Graham Robertson, is to be congratulated on two circumstances, one of which is that he has contrived a fairy spectacle which, in the main, will amuse and bewilder small children, and the other is that he has written a treatise about fairies which will confirm the intelligent world in its suspicion that fairies and Fairyland alike have no tangible existence. With regard to the spectacle, we can only say that it is a sweetly pretty affair, much more charming indeed than "Faust," absolutely devoid of a trace of artistic vulgarity, and nicely calculated

to bewitch the eye of youth. It is not every day in the year that you may take a child to the theatre with the certainty of offering to his delighted gaze a Fairy Queen of the right diminutive stature, with a fairy court to match, and glimpses of Cinderella, the Sleeping Beauty, Dick Whittington and his Cat, and Beauty and the Beast thrown in for luck, as it were. But these personages, we are pleased to be able to announce, are now on view at Mr. Tree's theatre in their manner as they are believed by infancy to live, and the prices of admission are as usual. Of Miss Craven's Fairy Queen a great deal has been written which fires the imagination. She has been described as the infant Genée, and her dancing, not to mention her deportment, are said by competent judges to be well nigh too wonderful for words. It is no disparagement of this pretty little girl to say that her dancing, though excellent and remarkable in one so young, is not by any means the revelation which the enthusiastic believe it to be. And as for her deportment, it seems to us to be a trifle stilted, and rather too obviously learnt by heart. We have seen a young lady at the Empire, who is, perhaps, a head taller than Miss Craven, whose dancing is much nearer Genée's than her Fairy Majesty's is likely to be for a year or two to come, and who is much more graceful and easy and captivating. What we say, as has already been explained, is not intended as disparagement of Miss Craven, but merely by way of a hint to people who are disposed to visit a public entertainment focussed for marvels on the strength of over-enthusiastic Press notices. We consider that Miss Craven is an entirely satisfactory Fairy Queen, and that is as much as we shall say for her. One does not require a child Fairy Queen to be either a Genée on the one hand—or, should we say, on the one foot?—or an Ellen Terry on the other. The fact is that Miss Craven delights the children, and wins the hearts of their elders, and no child should be expected to do more. As a spectacle for children, we can cordially recommend Mr. Graham Robertson's effort, though it is not always suited to their comprehension.

In other respects, the work may be best described as a rather humorous treatise upon fairies, specially intended for the edification of "grown-ups," which is the author's phrase for adult persons. Right through the piece the author exhibits and insists upon a contempt for human beings who happen to be more than ten years of age, which is positively distressing. If the youthful part of the audience is capable of appreciating Mr. Graham Robertson's cynicisms on the subject of their elders and betters at all, we are really sorry; for never in the history of the stage has the truth about children's elders and betters been so plainly and brutally stated. For one thing, Mr. Graham Robertson makes it quite evident that your "grown-up" is absolutely stone blind and stone deaf where fairies are concerned. Your Elf Pickle, your Elf Whisper, your Elf Twinkle, and the rest of them, may sing and dance and cut airy capers, as fairies will, but "grown-ups" are quite incapable of seeing or hearing them. The "grown-ups'" senses are entirely concerned with the concrete things of life. Their imagination is dead within them, and their fancy utterly blunted and destroyed. As an example of the "grown-ups'" degraded condition as conceived by Mr. Graham Robertson, we may instance the fact that he makes them sing the following Philistine chant:

AUNT CAROLINE.
Here you see our homely cot—
AUNT IMOGEN.
Latticed casement! Latticed casement!
CAROLINE.
When we came we found dry rot—
IMOGEN.
In the basement. In the basement.

CAROLINE.
Then of course the kitchen sink—
IMOGEN.
Something frightful! Something frightful!
CAROLINE.
Yet the place is now, I think—
IMOGEN.
Most delightful! Most delightful!
AUNTS.
East or North or South or West,
Though you travel, though you travel—
When you come to make your nest,
See the soil is of the best.
Build on gravel—build on gravel.

There is a great deal more to the like effect, and one wonders what the innocent child of the period can possibly make of it all. The whole spirit of the play, *qua* play, appears to us to be "grown-up" in the extreme. On the whole, however, we must be grateful, because even if it fails at ideality, *Pinkie and the Fairies* is a distinct step in the right direction. There are no politics in it; there are no jokes about strong drink, red noses, mothers-in-law, suffragists, widows, policemen, and kindred butts of the popular comic spirit, and the passages which may be difficult for the understanding of childhood can at least be explained to babes who make enquiry without damaging their moral outlook. Furthermore we are inclined to think that the play is to be welcomed as a much-needed relief to productions of the *Peter Pan* order. Mr. Barrie's "masterpiece" is all very well in its way, but one grows a trifle tired of seeing it served up as if it were the only honest nursery dish in the wide, wide world. We hope that Mr. Graham Robertson will try his hand again. He has a delicate touch, and a nice sense for shrewd humour, and although his faith in fairies is neither here nor there, he manages to pretend that he believes in them, without being in the least boisterous or offensive, or sentimental or silly. We need scarcely say that Mr. Tree has done very handsomely by his author in the matter of general cast, dresses and scenery. The pictures presented to us are all beautiful, and the stagecraft is perfect. For the acting, whether of the youngsters or their elders, we have nothing but praise. Miss Craven's Queen of the Fairies is a very finished and charming bit of work. Miss Ellen Terry plays Aunt Imogen with a skill which only herself could command. Mr. Frederick Volpé is admirable as Uncle Gregory. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell makes an effective Molly, and Miss Viola Tree, Miss Marie Löhr, and Miss Winifred Beech, in the respective parts of Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, and Beauty, do very well indeed. We hope that the common ruck of pronounced fairy worshippers, Messrs. Shorter, Noyes, Chesterton, and the rest of them, will make a point of visiting His Majesty's Theatre forthwith, and thereby convince themselves of their extreme foolishness in this matter of Fairyland. Even Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. J. M. Barrie, whom the good doctor once actually described as a fairy, might, we think, occupy occasional stalls to their great intellectual improvement.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

MR. W. T. STEAD has been contriving a further "symposium." He has written to the eminent in various walks of life to require and demand of them a strict account of the number of hours they may spend in slumber; and the eminent appear to have replied in amazing numbers. We gather from Mr. Stead's tabulated results that authors, as a body, are a fairly sleepy lot. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, for example, confesses that his night's sleep runs to nine or nine and a half hours. Mr. Israel Zangwill is another nine-hours

man; and Mr. W. L. Courtney—the rapierist—spends eight hours in bed, though he does not undertake to sleep all the time. Other eight-hour men in the writing way are Mr. Goss, Mr. Sidney Lee, Dr. Nicoll, and Mr. Frederick Harrison. Mr. William Archer would appear to be the sleepless boy of the galaxy, for he is only fifty-one years of age, and six to seven hours of innocent slumber suffices him. Coming to other professions, we find that one of the politicians, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to wit, sleeps only five and a half hours “consecutive,” with one and a half hours “broken” thrown in for a make-weight. This is terrible enough in its way, but poor Professor Ramsay (Professor of Humanity) is in worse case still, for he manages only three to four hours. Actors seem to be fairly good sleepers in the main, but it must be noted that Sir Charles Wyndham puts himself down for no more than five and a half hours, and that Mr. George Alexander fluctuates between four hours and a comfortable eight. On the old principle of six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, the best of us would seem to come out rather badly.

It would be interesting to know what real advantage Mr. Stead imagines will accrue to the species from a knowledge of the foregoing and kindred wonderful facts. The symposium may nowadays be reckoned rather an antiquated journalistic fetch, and of late at any rate, one has heard very little of it. A few years ago every editor, worth his salt, was keen on symposia; with the result that the distinguished in art, letters, and science were more or less worried out of their lives. Invitations from able editors to answer this, that, or the other stupid and frequently impertinent enquiry were fired at “people who were talked about” without rhyme or reason. In time, of course, there was a rebellion. Having projected a series of illustrated symposia, which included pictures of the eyes, noses, mouths, finger-prints, and we had almost said birth-marks of our chiefest celebrities, some genius in the purlieus of Fleet Street hit upon an idea, which he considered to be one of the brightest “scoops” of a bright age. He prepared sundry basins of gelatine and sent them out to the usual addresses with the request that the great man or the great woman, as the case might be, would make a print of his or her naked foot on the gelatinous substance, and return it carriage paid for the purposes of reproduction in *Smart Chunks*. The editor's letters ran something like this:—

DEAR SIR,

Will you kindly oblige me by putting your nude foot into the accompanying basin, so that I may have the pleasure of publishing a photograph of same in the April number of the above Magazine.

The idea, however, did not “take on” quite as it should have done, and a certain irascible, literary gentleman is said to have replied as follows:

DEAR SIR,

I have received your basin of gelatine, which I beg to return. Will you please have the goodness to put your head in it?

Such is life. We do not vouch for the truth of the story, and it is certainly not a new one, but Mr. Stead might take a warning from it lest some day he comes to similar grief.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for January, Mr. Stead has an article which he calls, “How I know that the Dead Return.” The subject is obviously rather serious. Needless to say, Mr. Stead holds that the dead really do return, and he proffers “personal experiences” in proof of his belief. “For me,” he says, “the problem is solved; the truth is established.” Frankly we are

glad to hear it, and without the smallest desire to be flippant, we can assure Mr. Stead that he is to be complimented on having settled (for himself) an infinite question. We reserve the point as to whether his testimony will be received with approval by the properly constituted authorities. The “influences” which have caused his hand to write and brought him to his condition of sure conviction, may or may not be holy influences. A bishop, probably, could tell Mr. Stead a good deal more than he believes he knows. And we must leave it at that. In a book entitled “First and Last things,” Mr. H. G. Wells expresses himself on practically the same subject in a manner which will please neither bishops nor Mr. Stead. Here is Mr. Wells:

Indeed I dislike the idea that those I have loved are immortal in any real sense; it conjures up dim uncomfortable drifting phantoms, that have no kindred with the flesh and blood I knew. I would as soon think of them trailing after the tides up and down the Channel outside my window. Bob Stevenson for me is a presence, utterly concrete, slouching, eager, quick-eyed, intimate and profound, carelessly dressed (at Sandgate he commonly wore a little felt hat that belonged to his son) and himself, himself, indissoluble matter and spirit, down to the heels of his boots. I cannot conceive of his as any but a concrete immortality. If he lives, he lives as I knew him and clothed as I knew him and with his unalterable voice, in a heaven of dædal flowers or a hell of ineffectual flame; he lives, dreaming and talking and explaining, explaining it all very earnestly and preposterously, so I picture him, into the ear of the amused, incredulous, principal person in the place. I have a real hatred for those dreary fools and knaves who would have me suppose that Henley, that crippled Titan, may conceivably be tapping at the underside of a mahogany table or scratching stifled incoherence into a locked slate! Henley tapping!—for the professional purposes of Sludge! If he found himself among the circumstances of a spiritualist séance he would, I know, instantly smash the table with that big fist of his. And as the splinters flew, surely York Powell, out of the dead past from which he shines on me, would laugh that hearty laugh of his back into the world again. Henley is nowhere now except that, red-faced, and jolly like an October sunset, he leans over a gate at Worthing after a long day of picnicking at Chancetonbury Ring, or sits at his Woking table praising and quoting *The Admirable Bashville*, or blue-shirted and wearing the hat that Nicholson has painted, is thrust and lugged, laughing and talking aside in his bath-chair, along the Worthing esplanade. . . . And Bob Stevenson walks for ever about a garden in Chiswick, talking in the dusk.

Many men many minds. And neither party edifies us.

The *British Weekly*, which is always interesting reading for anybody possessed of a sense of humour, announces a small symposium of its own on the “Early Struggles of Popular Novelists.” It seems that the early strugglers include Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Silas K. Hocking, and “one well-known novelist who has written so frankly of his personal experiences that he prefers to remain anonymous.” It is a thousand pities that all the other gentlemen named in the advertisement should not have indulged a similar preference. And if some of them would struggle to write a reasonably entertaining piece of fiction the libraries would probably be grateful. The accounts of the early struggles of authors are, as a rule, most depressing fare. Occasionally, of course, they are also passable fiction. We hope that the *Bookman* has managed to get hold of some of the fiction. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to learn that the January issue of Dr. Nicoll's famous literary journal will contain, in addition, to the “exceptionally” interesting symposium in question, “results and announcements” as to the *Bookman's* prize competitions.

The very latest thing in Socialism is an organisation which calls itself "The Reform Tea Association." There can be no doubt in the world that those responsible for the success of this association have a wide and accurate acquaintance with the Socialist mind, for they head their "business announcement" with the magic words

SOCIALISTS HELP YOURSELVES.

The red-tied "stalwart," not to mention his "com-ride" "intellectual," who can resist this fiery appeal deserves to be excluded from the meetings of the Fabian Society. The association announces that "arrangements have been made that (*sic*) half the profits resulting from the sales of the undermentioned goods through this advertisement will be handed to the Directors of the *New Age* Press for disposal at their discretion in aid of Socialist Propaganda Work." So that the directors of the *New Age* Press are evidently coming in for still further barrels of money. What with the enormous profits on the wonderful Christmas number of the *New Age* which was to be printed and printed and printed until "the machinery broke down," and the fifteen hundred pounds which was lately subscribed by the smaller fry of Socialism in the way of capital for the *New Age* Press, the company should by this time be fairly well breeched. But no doubt the half profits of the Reform Tea Association will come in most usefully for the work of propaganda. The goods which the association offer for sale comprise several kinds of China and Ceylon tea, together with pure coffee and cocoa essence in tins. Clearly the "movement" is making rapid headway. If the *New Age* is desirous of increasing its advertising connection on the half-profits principle, we believe that there are several firms of hair restorer, and pill and potion people who could be roped into the advertising columns of "the best penny review" without difficulty. Mr Orage and Mr. Victor Grayson are evidently possessed of sound ideas as to the possibilities of modern advertising.

We are glad to be able to announce that the "tousy tyke" with the rapier and his doughty henchman, Mr. James Douglas, have ceased to bawl and complain about THE ACADEMY. We admire their wisdom, though we cannot say much for their pluck. Of course, it may be that they meditate further ululation, and that it is the Christmas festivities and not wisdom at all which have kept them silent. Possibly, too, their rapiers are just now out at the grinder's. Meanwhile, Mr. Douglas is missing no opportunity of proclaiming the "tousy tyke's" atheistical exercise in blank verse for a work of shining genius; though he continues to refrain from the harmless necessary quotation which to people who understand these matters would appear so desirable in the circumstances. The fact is that the *Star* newspaper dare not quote with approval the passages from the "tousy tyke's" testament, which THE ACADEMY has already quoted with condemnation. The *Star* very properly is compelled to consider the feelings of Dr. Clifford. And Dr. Clifford is still a thousand years behind the massive intellects of the "tousy tyke" and Mr. James Douglas, the which, on the whole, is very much to his credit. We note also with satisfaction that Mr. Parks, who so ably edits the *Star*, will not now be able to take up our challenge with regard to "The Yoke." It would be a frightful thing if the *Star* were at any time to be seized by the police. So that "menace to freedom" or no "menace to freedom," the *Star* scarcely gets the best of the argument.

It is also worthy of mention that Mr. Jacob Tonson, who lately bragged in the *New Age* that he was for-

merly a contributor to THE ACADEMY, fails to reveal to us indications of his identity which might enable us to verify his statements. The matter is of small consequence, but it shows plainly what manner of person Mr. Tonson really is. It may be admitted that a writer who issues his lucubrations over a pseudonym is in somewhat difficult case when he is invited to disclose his real name. Persons who cannot find it in their hearts to print their own names to what they write should be careful to steer clear of writing which concerns their private selves rather than the public. It can be of no possible interest to readers of the *New Age* that Mr. Tonson may formerly have written for THE ACADEMY. We should have imagined on the whole a red-hot Socialist is ill-advised to confess, by way of a boast, at any rate, an old connection with a Conservative journal. However, Mr. Tonson is nothing if not an indiscreet writer, and as he brings his own trouble on his own head we shall not offer him sympathy. There is really no excuse for pseudonymity in the case of a paragraphist like Mr. Tonson, other, of course, than the possible fact that if he signed his own name he might be prejudicing himself in the estimation of editors who are not particularly convinced of the literary consequence of the *New Age*. We gather from the current issue of Mr. Orage's paper that Tonson is full of money just now, and that he is in a position to survey himself "lapped in luxury and clinking multitudinous gold coins extorted from publishers by my hypnotising rascal of an agent." This is good socialism, even if it be vulgar writing; and on the whole we can readily comprehend Jacob's indisposition to let out the ghastly secret of his name. Some day perhaps he will oblige us. Meanwhile we must live patiently.

REVIEWS

THE PARSON AT THE BAR

Memories of Famous Trials. By the REV. EVELYN BURNABY, M.A. (Sisley's, 3s. 6d.)

"I CAN truly say 'Vixi.' I have lived my life. I have lived to see no less than six Lord Chief Justices of England. I have lived to see the old Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer abolished, and all merged into one King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. I have lived to see the quaint little courts adjoining the famous Rufus Hall in Westminster demolished, and the Royal Courts of Justice set up in their place. My late brother was a prominent figure at the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice." A man who can say "Vixi" and "I have lived my life" because he has seen "six Lord Chief Justices of England," and the rest of it, is plainly a complacent and, on the whole, perhaps, rather a foolish person. We have heard of people who boasted that they had seen such and such a number of races for the Derby; but to have seen six Lord Chief Justices of England is somehow less magnificent. The fact is that the Reverend Evelyn Burnaby writes himself down in the volume before us for a shining example of the cleric who has missed his vocation. Not that we wish to suggest that he is inefficient or careless in the exercise of his holy office; for if we are to believe the learned, it is possible to be a very good minister of religion and still take one's chiefest joys in the secular world. Mr. Burnaby's joys—and he appears to have indulged himself in them pretty freely—have amounted to "being present in Court" when such and such blackguards were tried, or such and such a judge "made his famous summing up," or such and such counsel fired off his brilliant speech in defence of

this, that, or the other scoundrel. It is a strange taste for a minister of religion, but it is deeply rooted in Mr. Burnaby, and he has cultivated it for all it is worth. It is impossible to recall the name of a judge or pleader of eminence during the later Victorian period who was not "a close personal friend" of Mr. Burnaby. The Court clerks and understrappers have also enjoyed his friendship, and he is not above claiming acquaintance even with some of the subjects of judicial attention; for it is apparently a rule with Mr. Burnaby that when one is writing a book one should never miss the smallest chance of indicating one's self-importance. Hence it comes to pass that we find our trial-obsessed parson writing on the one hand of the late Baron Huddleston as "poor old Huddy," and explaining on the other hand that he knew Lee the Babbacombe murderer "very well," and that Lee waited on him at dinner "when he was footman to Colonel Brownlow of Torquay." Hence also it is that "Memories of Famous Trials" is prefaced with four pages of biographical particulars concerning the Reverend Evelyn Henry Villebois Burnaby, all of which particulars, with the exception, perhaps, that Mr. Burnaby is the brother of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, appear to us to be entirely uninteresting and superfluous. We have read Mr. Burnaby's chapters with mingled feelings. They are not ill-written, and they deal with matters which have a fascination for a certain type of mind, but in the main they irritate the intelligent, inasmuch as while they purport to deal with famous trials, their intention on the whole is to advertise the friendships and importance of Mr. Burnaby. Egotism of this cheap sort is not becoming in a common man. Still less does it become a man of our author's family, not to mention his cloth. We deplore it altogether, and we hope Mr. Burnaby will have the good sense to refrain from treating the public to further similar exhibitions. There are passages in this book which we should scarcely wish to quote as coming from the pen of a parson; and on the general question we are disposed to think that it is a thousand pities that Mr. Burnaby could not stay at home with his flock, instead of gallivanting about the country in order that he might be present at murder trials and hob and nob with roaring counsel and whiskyful reporters when the "day's work" was over. There can be no doubt that the life of the Bar mess is, or used to be, pleasant enough and jolly enough, and there is probably no reason in the world why its pleasantness and jollity should be interrupted because some poor creature has just been sentenced to death; but, as we have said, the consistent presence of a sort of free-lance chaplain, whether at trials for murder or the subsequent relaxations of the Bar, does not strike us too pleasantly. On the whole, "Memories of Famous Trials" is a book which may conceivably effect a good purpose, though it is a purpose not foreseen by the author. We are of opinion that no clergyman could read it without learning from it the important lesson that it is undignified for the cobbler not to stick to his last. The Church has been the mother of many distinguished persons. She offers leisure, or, at any rate, she permits leisure to be compassed by many of her servitors, and some of them use that leisure to the great advantage of mankind. There have been Churchmen who have performed great feats of scholarship and great feats of authorship in what a Scotchman would call "the Church's time." To these persons we suppose it would be improper to offer reproof. But at the present moment we have amongst us a really monstrous regiment of ministers of religion who, it seems to us, contrive for themselves a great deal too much leisure, and employ that leisure in dubious, if not entirely unworthy, side occupations. For example, there is

scarcely a parson in England who, given the opportunity, will not undertake as much literary work as any literary layman. And the great majority of these parsons will be found to be engaged in departments of literature and journalism which are concerned with sheer money-making. These men will write for anybody who will pay them, and they will write sympathetically about anything under the sun, not even excluding new religions. We believe that Mr. S. R. Crockett, to take an instance in point, commenced life as a Scotch minister. He took to fiction and ultimately discovered that his duty lay in that beautiful medium, and not in the professional service of God. So that he forsook the ministry, thereby doing, let us say, the absolutely proper and correct thing in the circumstances. If the other parsons who write for gain, and make a point of getting it, were to follow Mr. Crockett's admirable example, we should hear very little more about clergymen without benefices, and curates with large families who are unable to obtain employment. This is not intended to suggest that Mr. Burnaby has neglected his clerical duties, or that he should have relinquished his living; for it cannot be charged against him that his peculiar hobby is likely to have brought him emolument. But we do say that the clerical profession is different from other professions in that a member of it should make a point of devoting himself to it, and leave other businesses to take care of themselves. There has never been a time when the cure of souls was a more important or exacting affair than it is to-day. And we say that it is not seemly that the responsible shepherd, whether he be bishop or curate, should be amusing himself at the Law Courts, or writing idiotic stories for Messrs. Harmsworth, Pearson, and Newnes what time the sheep graze where they will and die as they may. While there is a soul to be saved or helped no parson in the world has a tittle of right to leisure which enables him to turn out even so little as a thousand words a week for the secular press. Mr. Burnaby, who has had the satisfaction of seeing "six Lord Chief Justices of England," must not be angry with us for these our words, which words we intend, not for his injury, but for the benefit of all other persons who have taken upon themselves the professional duties of religion.

A YORKSHIRE "COUNTY"

Richmondshire. By EDMOND BOGG. (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE question which may possibly suggest itself to some who first see the title of this book is "Where on earth is Richmondshire?" and it takes very careful reading to find out its exact boundaries. We read that it was "an ancient Palatinate enjoying Royal privileges," and that "through this shire of Eld . . . the Swale and the Yore flow to their union in the Ouse and their bourne in the Humber Sea," and Mr. Bogg adds to the history of the Palatinate that of the adjoining shire of Allerton. We do not think that this work deserves its introduction, "a Geological Sketch of Richmondshire." Mr. Fowler, who writes it, complains that the remark is often heard, "How dull the country is!" Undoubtedly a knowledge of geology adds immensely to the interest of country, but there are comparatively very few geologists, and the beautiful land which is described so minutely in this compendious volume will not be made a bit more interesting to the ordinary lay reader by the knowledge that its carboniferous beds are known "as Palæozoic or Primary." The history is written in three sections: Richmondshire, the Wild Borderland, and Wensleydale, and it includes seven maps and no less than 230 illustrations. We gather that the Palatinate extended

from the river Tees on the North to Wensleydale on the South, and from the North Sea to the Western border of Yorkshire; but it would be well if there were a map which included the whole area. He who reads this book will know the Northern part of Yorkshire by heart. The author misses scarcely a stick or stone. Every town, village, and hamlet is conscientiously chronicled, with its past history to its present, omitting no detail from the signboard of the inn to tombstones in the church. There is no connection between the things suggested, unless it is the unusual length of years recorded on many tombs, for Mr. Bogg encourages the idea that the longevity of Allerton was due to the brewing in that shire of remarkably strong ale. And many capital legends are told. Perhaps the best is of the Royal group that lies below the keep at Richmond. There, King Arthur and his knights of the round table are said to lie in state. The tale goes that they have been visited twice—first by a wastrel cobbler, who saw the King and knights and stretched out his hand to draw "Excalibur," but whose heart then failed and he fled to the open air. The second time a drummer of the Castle Guard marched boldly in beating his drum lustily, but he has never since been seen, though sometimes there is still heard the roll of his drum under the keep. Genealogy is given full place. We read, again, of the quarrel of Scrope and Grosvenor as to which should bear the Bend Or on his shield, and also of the doings of the Nevilles and of other great houses; but the families of yeoman, of farmer, and of cotter are not neglected. None is better reading than the record of the Yeoman House of Broderick, from all time Richmondshire men, and no scene is more picturesque than the burial of one of them in his own rock-hewn tomb on the hillside that he had loved.

Mr. Bogg appreciates the beauties of nature very really, and has written with much feeling of the scenery in the country of which he tells us. But sometimes he is betrayed into extravagance of language, and a redundancy of words. His imagination peoples castle and inn with the shades of those that once were there, and sometimes very aptly; but sometimes, too, it runs away with him, and not always along roads that vary quite enough. But what would such a work be worth without imagination?

Perhaps too much detail has been included, too much conscience has been devoted, by Mr. Bogg to his task. Thus when we read on page 45 that he had been told that the sites of other lost villages are known, we feel almost thankful that their secrets have not been divulged. The illustrations are exceedingly pretty, and we have no complaint against their number. There are three good chapters on botany, and it is a book which those will enjoy who love archæology, folklore, and nature.

SNOW

The Living Chalice, and Other Poems. By SUSAN L. MITCHELL. (Maunsell, 1s. net.)

WE gather that this is Miss Mitchell's first appearance in volume shape. It is an appearance of some promise. A poet who can produce lines like the following may one day have to be reckoned with:

LONELINESS.

They lift me up, they set a crown on me,
Fold upon fold their love enwraps me round.
Beyond them all I strain my eyes for thee;
Without thy crowning, love, I am uncrowned.

Soft dews fall round me but my heart is dry,
I stand in melting sunlight yet am cold,
Lonely across the world to thee I cry,
Here on my breast thy wandering pinions fold.

There is great emotion in several other of the lyrics in this slender booklet, and always the workmanship is fair and sound. If Miss Mitchell has staying power—which is a quality so many modern poets lack—she will go far. Meanwhile, if she never writes another line, she has given us matter for which we must be grateful. One of her pieces begins:

Age cannot reach me where the veils of God
Have shut me in,

There can be no denying that this is poetry. The defect of the work generally lies in its treatment of trite subjects. But this is a defect capable of removal by process of intellectual growth.

Life's Enigma. By M. BRADS. (Allen, 2s. net.)

MR. BRADS is a moderate performer on what is usually termed the oaten stop. This is how he begins to deal with *Life's Enigma*:

Fair Goddess of the far Pierian hills,
That o'er Thessalian realms in days of old
Held magic sway, whose gift divine instils
The Soul of Song where Genius would unfold
Its ear-compelling strains, help me to sing
In strains seductive such as may too hold
The ear enraptured while on Fancy's wing
We range the ages till my tale is told.

We are not enthralled. Still less do we rejoice when Mr. Brads proceeds to warble as follows:

By the Esk's meandering stream
Of my love I often dream,
Dream with joy of when we met,
Of our parting with regret,
And those visions bright I see
Bring my lost love back to me.

The River Esk, which is doubtless a very good river in itself, has been responsible for many bad verses, and the present increase to the number does not appear to have helped matters.

Christmas Songs and Carols. By AGNES H. BEGBIE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

CHRISTMAS is past, but in all probability it will come again, and it may be that there are people in the world who will like to read Miss Begbie's songs and ballads—next Christmas. Taking them all round, they are not ill done, but they fail of the supreme quality which alone would make them acceptable from a literary point of view. We append an example, entitled, "Unto us a Child is Born."

While the Angels sang hosannas!
And the stars in glory span,
When the lambs slept on the meadows
Then was born the Son of man:
Sweet, his mother in the shadows
Leant, and sang a lullaby,
While the lambs slept on the meadows,
And the stars watched in the sky.

The elder songs are better than this.

Love as Pedlar, and Other Verses. By LADY ALICE AYRE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

IT is about time that love in the figure of pedlar was presented with an old age pension. However, the Lady Alice Ayre does not distress us overmuch. She sings gaily:

Round Pedlar Love, like swarms of bees
Women thronged of all degrees:
Peasant, actress, high-born dame,
Shop-girl, beggar—still they came.

And some of them might choose their fate
While others for the gift must wait,
And some went desolate away
To live sans love their life-long day.

Bella chose poppies, crown of pleasure
And luxury, and golden leisure,
With a drug within to lull the pain
Of a heart that's sold for love of gain.

And Veronique, with the gentle eyes,
Forget-me-nots—Alas her sighs
And tears too soon, like evening dew
Will dim the lustre of their blue.

Which is not half so bad as it might have been. There are other pieces in the book, some of them a trifle less airy, and on the whole we are inclined to think that our poet will not hurt anybody if she tries again.

Flashes from the Orient. By JOHN HASELHURST.
(Hazell, Watson and Viney, 2s. 6d.)

We are compelled to describe Mr. Haselhurst as an incorrigible writer of sonnets. In the booklet before us he offers to people who can read a matter of three hundred pieces in the sonnet form. In a literary sense, nothing could be more appalling, not to say scandalous. If Mr. Haselhurst had contented himself by printing fifty or sixty examples of his attempts at the sonnet we might have forgiven him. As it is, he bores us beyond measure. What is one to say of the "sonnet" we print below?

Somnolency and summer rule the day,
A lotus-languor steals o'er sense and soul,
And indolence doth Fancy's flights control.
That laureate of the grove, the tireless thrush,
In silence his eternal song doth hush,
Or idolently chirps spasmodic lay.
As in a bath of tropic heat we roll,
Abortive are all efforts to be gay.
Imagination's flights are feebly flown,
And Poesy hangs up his tuneless lyre.
We might long for the northern frozen zone,
Did not the effort panting spirit tire.
E'en Pegasus is limp and wingless grown,
And from low earth is powerless to aspire.

And this is not by any means Mr. Haselhurst's worst.

A Man's Vengeance, and Other Poems. By GEORGE BARLOW. (Glaisher, 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BARLOW has published a great deal of verse in his time, but somehow he does not seem to get "any forrader." The present volume has nothing in the way of excellence or defect to distinguish it from its predecessors. It is simply the old, old sesquipedalian and fairly correct metricism over again:

While our puny tasks engross us, while the hearts of
thousands dream,
While we dally with our pleasures or our grief,
Gladly, sadly, the world marches towards some destiny supreme
And it may be that the fatal hours are brief.

We quite agree. On the other hand, it may not be so. In the meantime we suppose hearts will continue to dream, though how they manage it is beyond us.

The Mockers. By JANE BARLOW. (Allen, 2s. 6d. net.)

We have here a Barlow of another sort. Miss Jane Barlow's poetical contributions to the *Saturday Review* and similar journals have been greatly admired, and

they certainly deserve admiration. In the present volume the author gives us some of her best work. We reproduce a short lyric, which sufficiently indicates her quality:

SUNSHINE.

With never a cloud from north to south,
The faint blue sky is bright and clear
As a mirror held to a dead man's mouth
Whilst one breathes quick for hope and fear.

All day the harvest fields lie blest
With a golden glow no mist-fleck mars:
All day a heart cries toward the west:
Come, night, but bring nor moon nor stars.

National Songs and Some Ballads. By HAROLD BOLTON. (Constable, 5s.)

AMBITION is a bold quality, and Mr. Bolton has a full share of it. In his preface he tells us that, under the title of "National Songs," he has "brought together a limited collection from many verses written during the last quarter of a century." And he adds that, "Lovers of our indigenous folk-song music will recognise old acquaintances from 'Songs of the North' and 'Songs of the Four Nations,' made familiar by the musical arrangements of Malcolm Lawson and of Arthur Somervell respectively." We hope they will. Our poet presents us with English songs, Scottish songs, Irish songs, a Canadian national song, and so forth. From the Welsh songs we take the opening lines "Gwenlilian":

Oh, know you the maiden
That robs my repose,
With her brow like the lily,
Her cheeks like the rose?
Her lashes are darker
Than the dark clouds of night,
Bright eyes glance beneath them
Like the moon's tender light.

We have heard, in Welsh connections, of robbing hen-roosts; but robbing repose savours of the tall order. Probably Mr. Lloyd George is the only man now living who could tell us how to set about it. Besides which, what should glance beneath a lady's "lashes" save and except "bright eyes"? If Mr. Bolton expects that his songs will attain to the dignity of consideration as national songs we imagine that he is doomed to black disappointment. It is true that some of his verses have a lift and a swing with them, but this of itself is not exactly a soaring merit. We are of opinion that our poet will be well advised to drop the epithet national from his title. English, Welsh and Scotch Songs would be a fairer description.

Songs Without Music. By F. G. ATTENBOROUGH. (Walter Scott, 1s. net.)

It seems that Miss Attenborough writes for the press under the engaging pseudonym of Chrystabel. She is a very frank poet, and she describes the collection of verses hereby put forward as "lyrics suitable for composers, orchestral ballads, cantatas, etc." We like the "etc." And we are free to confess that musical composers in search of words whereupon to exercise their gentle arts might do worse than consult Miss Attenborough's collection. Many of these lyrics are of the drawing-room drawing-roomy to the last degree. "Scotch Rose" is a good sample:

The little Scotch Rose is on the thorn,
With a look of snow on a summer morn.

There is almond scent for the bee to praise,
As he loiters long in the tangled ways;
Whilst eager butterflies drop to see
What this pale compeer of their wings may be.

Oh, little Scotch Rose that's on the thorn,
Let me thank you twice for your buds new-born!

Mr. Lulu Harcourt himself could not produce a more treackly "composer's lyric."

The Love of Eros. By VAUGHAN GREY. (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.)

THE ripe lusciousness of Mr. Vaughan Grey's verse does him credit:

My wrath upon this mortal who so dares
Her beauty thus to flaunt in face of Heaven.
Go Eros! Seek her; then by subtle snares
With love contemptible this Psyche leaven;
Teach her, forsooth, that she may know the gods are mighty,
Beauty belongs of right alone to Aphrodite.

The people who arrange "books" for pantomimes may be glad to hear of Mr. Vaughan Grey. The rhyming of "mighty" with "Aphrodite" will move them utterly.

Songs of Manhood. By F. B. WOOD. (Routledge, 5s.)

OUR poet of manhood is an old-fashioned gentleman with a fancy for "toasts." "Charge your glasses, gentlemen," would appear to be his motto. And his toasts are of the good old honest sort:

Here's health to him who dares to do
At any cost what he deems right,
Who struggling bravely keeps the path
That leads at length to manhood's height.

Here's health to him who triumphs o'er
Whate'er would bring the blush of shame,
Who leaves to those who follow on
As heirloom—an untarnished name.

And here's a health to him who refrains from printing all such "havers." And when Mr. Wood is not toasting, he writes like this:

I know a little vixen,
She's only five years old,
Who is to me more precious
Than all the Klondyke gold.

Vera, little Vera,
With her sparkling eyes,
The sweetest lass, the dearest lass,
Beneath the sun-crowned skies.

Surely this song is related in some way to that touching ballad, "The Bird in Nellie's Hat." In any case, it seems to run away with itself.

Poems. By J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX. (Smith, Elder, 4s. net.)

THE frontispiece of this volume is an exceedingly black affair. At a distance it looks like the end of a coffin. But on closer approach we read beneath it:

There are four windmills on the hill
And a stream that glides below.

And a minute examination convinces us that the picture does not represent the end of a coffin, and has really nothing to do with golliwogs. Fortunately, the

poetry itself is a trifle more convincing, though in the main it lacks body and force. Here is the beginning of "Better So":

O whither should we turn, love,
If ever love were dead,
With all the strange things answered
And all the sweet things said?

If this lyric were continued with a sustained skill, we should have little room to grumble. But, unluckily, the note of interrogation is kept up till one imagines that one must be reading the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Fairfax fails, in our opinion, because he will not wrestle, and because he will not select. It is easy to warble, but difficult to make a song.

The Rustic Choir. By A. R. THURLOCKE. (The Samurái Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a fine-looking volume, well printed on good paper, and neatly bound. It appears that the author has contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His opinion of himself may be gathered from his opening sonnet, part of which we quote:

Full many a dream of beauty have I known
When the wise soul, within itself withdrawn,
Mused absently: full many an emerald lawn,
Or purple wood, or lofty mountain lone,
Rose, like a bright ethereal picture thrown
Upon an inner curtain;

But all were evanescent, fugitive—
Mirage-like fading in a waste of sand,
Dying when most I needed they should live—
Till something moved a kindly Fate to give
The Poet's sceptre. Then I bade them stand
And make for me perpetual Fairyland.

We discern nothing in Mr. Thurlocke's subsequent pages which justifies the assumption that either Fate or anybody else has handed him the poet's sceptre. He seems to us to have been born to wrestle rather than to reign. But he writes with some poetic feeling, and sometimes he hits upon a happy thought, and expresses it with reasonable skill.

The Bridge Builders, and Other Poems. By HARROLD JOHNSON. (Nutt, 1s. net.)

MR. HARROLD JOHNSON believes in giving honour where honour is due. It rather takes the breath to find him writing three whole lyrics about bridges; but when one comes to think of it, bridges are useful erections, and some of them have just as much right to be praised in song, as, say, "old" farm houses or moated granges. And bridges have been painted by the masters rather finely. Mr. George Cadbury, however, is not a bridge. All the same, he will probably be pleased with the appended lines which Mr. Johnson addresses to him:

While others with their gold crushed Love and Beauty,
Square-jawed, with ruthless will,
You, pitying men, held it to be your duty
To raise them still.

Fair cottage-homes, a garden-land of flowers,
And a clean Press, the Guardian of the Age,
More than our thanks and the rich crown of hours
—These are your wage.

We shall make no demur, particularly if Mr. Cadbury has, indeed, created "a clean press." And we are not winking at Homer down the road; inasmuch as a "clean press" is greatly to be desired.

Day Dreams of Greece. By CHARLES WHARTON STORK. (Elkin Mathews, 1s.)

MR. STORK dedicates his volume to his father, thus proving once again that the storks are a filial people. But, alack and alas, Mr. Stork, junior, does not strike us as being properly qualified to indulge in day-dreams of Greece. His verse is very young, and his dreams are the dreams of the confirmed undergraduate. We have all loved the classics in our time, even as Mr. Stork loves them; we have all tried to rewrite them, and only the very greatest of us have succeeded. Mr. Stork must not be discouraged; for some day he may, perhaps, write a satisfactory poem. Meanwhile, let him dismiss from his mind any suspicion that the view from the chimneys is at all similar to the view from Olympus.

THE MACHINE IN MODERN MUSIC

THAT music is the most emotional of the arts will be to many a debateable question. For architecture, they will remember, there are "stories in stones," and the vision of a great cathedral may hold us spellbound in an instant; for painting, that there is the same arresting power in a beautiful picture; for sculpture, that feeling is aroused readily enough by some well-carved statue, say, of an angel "Whose stony hands pray for ever tender words of peace." Undeniably, and it is not disputed, these arts can touch us; the weak spot is that the gamut of emotions which they reach is limited, and, as a rule, too restricted. There is a sense of wonder, maybe, and of admiration and of approval, but—not much more. When moved at all it is, so to speak, like the rippling of water by a summer breeze; we have been stirred only on the surface, played upon only by the shallowest and least energetic of impulses. And this, from the emotional point of view—which must also be reckoned the artistic point of view—is the shortcoming of the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. With the drama and fiction generally, it becomes another matter. Here, in a seemingly realistic presentation of humanity, there is an appeal direct to the human heart, an appeal direct to all that is sympathetic in a man's nature. As a consequence, an individual, or a whole audience, may be excited to boisterous hilarity, to the deepest grief, to the sternest anger and indignation, or to a dozen other emotions as turbulent in their effect. It is no longer the rippled water, it is rather the storm-tossed ocean; for who has not seen a theatre-full of sobbing people, or a villain hissed furiously from the stage? Who has not heard of Charles Reade's influence on the laws of this country? And, if the proposition be enlarged, and the art of oratory ranked as fiction—which may be done without straining the fact—then who can deny that fiction, in one form or another, and as the result of its emotional effect, has gone far towards ruling the world? But, even so, amidst all this possibility of emotional influence, there is a weakness as compared with music; for each of these arts is well-nigh worthless in a primitive state. Let, for example, the orator make his statements without colouring, let the novelist tell his tale in the fashion of a newspaper report, let the stage-play run its course without stage, scenery, trappings, or embellishments—in short, take away the tinsel and the spangles and all deception—and your appeal is no longer to the emotions, but to the intellect. Are you right, or are you wrong? True or untrue? That is the only consideration arising in such circumstances, a consideration which one may safely say will be dealt with by the reason alone.

Hence the claim for music that it is the most emotional of the Arts because, unlike all others, it can

accomplish its purpose, it can reach the heart-strings, fully and completely, when presented in an elementary shape—that is, in the shape of a simple flowing melody. We know, of course, that this effect may be enhanced by the surroundings, that there is something that moves us out of all reason in the Hungarian peasants' dance to the wild music of their country, and in the overpowering solemnity of the Dead March at a military funeral; we know, too, that there never has been within our history, or is ever likely to be again in any history, so emotional an event as when the skirl of the bagpipes floated at last over the plain to those spent men and women in Lucknow. But such things are quite beyond the point. There is in them a dramatic element which is outside the realm of music proper, and which, therefore, is not to be considered. What concerns us is the bare fact that melody in music is intrinsically and powerfully emotional. The clearest evidence lies in its immediate incitement to action, for this is characteristic of all strong emotions. When we are amused, we laugh; when we are in sorrow, we cry; when angry, we contort the limbs or the muscles of the face; when jubilant, we give vent to exclamations. These things result by a natural process, and, unless restrained by an effort, are unavoidable. Thus, with melody in music, it needs no more than the lilt of a jig to set all the children capering in the street, or the swing of a march-tune to make the grown man square his shoulders and step out more firmly; and this, though the melody be played inaccurately enough on nothing more pretentious than a penny whistle.

But, if this is clear evidence, it is yet far from reaching the bed-rock of the argument. We have spoken of a well-defined rhythm which is pleasing to the ear and excites it; we may part with much of this rhythm now, and, turning to the music of Eastern races, take a cruder form of melody altogether and still find no less an influence on the emotions. In India, when you listen to the droning of the Nautch dance, it resembles nothing that can be satisfactorily transcribed into musical notation; the series of notes cover an extremely limited range, and, to our understanding, follows a somewhat uncertain sequence; it is music in its infancy, not wholly indefinite—for the rhythm is unmistakable—but nearly so; yet it serves and never fails to stimulate the dancing girls. On the Nile, too, one may see the boatmen turning up their eyes in ecstasy at music which is much on a par with this. And, again, there are the war-songs of the savages. We have never heard them; but it is likely, seeing that they have not been reproduced by musicians, that they were of as primitive a type, and yet it is on record that they have always managed so to rouse the singers and listeners as to instil them with a fierce fighting spirit. And, lastly, to jump to an opposite extreme, to remember those great composers whose popularity is established in more civilised lands and who never cease to charm, there is not one of them—no, not one!—whose work is not distinguished by the abundance of its melodies. So that, clearly, it has become a mere matter of enquiry to show conclusively that the emotions of the inhabitants of all countries, and of all grades of those inhabitants, respond instinctively to the influence of melody, even though, in some cases, that melody may be presented in the least attractive form. With this natural instinct, then, so firmly planted in our nature and so easy, apparently, to satisfy, the wonder comes that we should have so little music written to-day of the more advanced type which is pleasing and so much that is displeasing. The fact, of course, is not to be disputed; it is the common complaint of musical people, and the never-ending source of regret that, as the programme grows more modern, it grows in proportion more dull. It is a question of degree which might be fixed with some accuracy by the years. Watch the unmistakable

signs of enjoyment displayed in the faces of an audience listening to Beethoven or Tchaikowsky, and note at the end that really genuine outburst of applause. Then, in contrast, watch the same audience listening to one of these later composers—obviously, we may name no names—and see how the interest dies gradually from their faces, and the heads begin to nod; watch the look of boredom, the drowsy eyes, the wriggling in the seats which tells its own tale of aching backs and cricks in the shoulder; and, finally, note again the applause when it is all over, the feeblest flapping of the hands, as half-hearted as you please, the merest compliment—in fact, offered out of good nature. To say that such stale periods occur in the history of every art is merely to state the fact; there are runs of luck, as it were, a plethora of talent or of mediocrity. Yet, though this, no doubt, is in part an explanation, it is far from being the whole of it. For in music, it is submitted, another cause has been at work, one which has tended directly to the encouragement of mechanism rather than of Art. It may be summed up under two headings—the difficulty of writing melody and the comparative ease of writing music (of a sort) without melody.

The first of these propositions seems to negative what has been already said. Melody even in its *crudest* form has, as we have seen, proved its ability to exercise an emotional influence. How, then, can there be difficulty in devising so simple a thing? Why, even the savages have done as much! Yes, and that is just where the point comes in—we are not savages; we have advanced with the times, we have been going through a lengthy education and a wide experience of melody, and—now—we ask for something new. That is the difficulty. The old hackneyed ideas will not suffice. Many of them, of course, still have the power to charm and will retain that power to the end; but, when a new composer enters the arena, we look for new ideas. And that, we repeat, is the difficulty. For, the conception of an original melody is just like the conception of any other original artistic thought, it must spring from an artistic mind. And artistic minds are scarce. They are born, not made; they cannot be produced to order, they cannot be created in the schools. On the other hand, the least talented may go a long way in composition (of a sort) by a process of thorough and diligent study. Consider, as evidence of this, the evolution of music. If we may believe Herbert Spencer—and he certainly makes out a plausible case—"all music is originally vocal." The speaking voice rises or falls, increases or decreases in power, and indulges in many other marked variations responding instinctively to some emotion of the moment. "Every one of these alterations . . . is carried to an extreme in vocal music . . . Thus, in respect alike of *loudness*, *timbre*, *pitch*, *intervals*, and *rate of variation* song employs and exaggerates the natural language of the emotions; it arises from a systematic combination of those vocal peculiarities which are the physiological effects of acute pleasure and pain." In short, the singer suggests the emotions by a play upon the qualities just enumerated; and such, briefly, is the philosophical view of the elemental stage. Later, it was found that the charm of a single note could be enhanced by the simultaneous sounding of some other note; and, later again, that not one note only but many could and should be added to produce the best effect. Hence, Harmony and Counterpoint. And, concurrently with this discovery, came the further knowledge that there was beauty in contrasting the different qualities of tone. So, to state the transition broadly, we progressed from the single voice to the four-part song, then to the small orchestra (chiefly "string"), and then to the great orchestra which we know to-day. But this was not quite to end it. The treatment of the orchestra developed apace, and, with this development, there grew up

a clearer recognition of the dramatic and illustrative possibilities of which it was capable. Thus, the blare of the trumpets sounded the triumphant or militant note, the triplet rhythm suggested the galloping horse, the groan of the basses would do for grief, the rattle of the kettle-drums for musketry, the tootle of the flute or piccolo for the singing of the birds, the reedy tones of the oboe for the rustic "pipe," and the sweeping downward scale passages of the violins, finished off by a crash on the big drum, for the climax of a storm or battle.

Here, then (stated in outline), were the mechanical aids to the effective handling of a beautiful thought—the science of the art—and we know how right well the great masters of melody have used them. But here, too, in the very perfection of the science, is to be found that fatal call to the uninspired to step forward and believe themselves musicians. Here is the door held open, it would seem, for the incompetent. The whole thing is cut and dried. There is a symbol for everything which may be learnt with industry, and the way is made easy. Admit a minimum of aptitude and a maximum of study and application, then the intellect can do the rest, and, presently, this man, without one original thought in his head, without any real qualification whatever for composition, may launch out into "programme" music, and produce, forsooth, a "tone-poem"! Why not, when the machinery can take him so far? Yet what a mockery it is—this substitution of brain for heart! What a palpable sham inevitably, and what a hopeless pretence thus to appeal to our judgment, and our judgment alone, and try to stuff it with such humbug as this! In such circumstances, surely, in this cold, machine-made atmosphere, where we listen critically and without emotion, to imitate the birds can only be to burlesque them, to counterfeit rifle-fire simply to rattle the drum, and to symbolise the storm to leave us wondering at the fiddlers. Yes, indeed; for the means have been mistaken for the end, the entire concern is topsy-turvy, and there is nothing left to think upon but the naked truth—the resin and catgut and the many hours that the fiddlers must have practised. Whilst, all the time, the real land of Art is so different—a land of dreams where there can be no room at the moment for dissection or analysis, where the thought becomes idealised and lifted up, the true vision clouded. Then, the shams are shams no longer. It is not the fiddles that matter now, or the drums, or the trumpets, though we hear these with delight; it is first, and above all, the fancies which they conjure up. But the melody which is to create this emotional state, which is to bewitch the listener and carry him off into this land of dreams—that is the difficulty!

The trouble, then, lies in a nutshell, in this possibility of aping the artists without an artist's capacity. And what applies to the creative musician applies equally to the executive. Through one cause or another, some individual is pitchforked into the musical profession; he is the son of his father, say; or, for some equally idiotic reason, it becomes his fate to depend for bread and butter upon the following of an inexpedient pursuit. It is not actually distasteful to him, we will suppose, and he has a certain aptitude, but—and he himself may know this well enough—he has no very deep sense of emotion in music, and, therefore, a correspondingly trifling power to arouse emotion in others. In short, he is not an artist. What, then, remains? Why, clearly, that he shall endeavour to become a perfect machine, that he shall cultivate the muscles until they can accomplish something prodigious. There are the jugglers, he remembers, who earn applause and bread and butter in exact proportion to the number of balls kept rotating simultaneously in the air. Why not, then, be a juggler in music? It means slogging hard work, of course, but it opens out

a way to popular favour which must otherwise remain closed. What is the natural consequence of so inviting a prospect? What but this, that the musical juggler is a standing dish in every concert menu—always some singer reaching out for the topmost note, and, to speak the truth, generally hitting it—always some instrumentalist gallantly struggling to prove that he can play some particular composition in just ten or twenty seconds less time than any other man breathing? And the number of the musical jugglers is legion. Indeed, we may be wonder-struck, almost any day, by the astounding development of the throat or by the strength and agility of human fingers; whilst, alas! it will rarely be our fortune to meet with the sympathetic rendering of music.

Whether this is ever to cure itself is a question. Most likely not. This attitude of the professional is all too apt to re-act upon the public and persuade them that mechanism is the most acceptable thing. The public demands much music, and, with not enough artists to go round, will have it—or the imitation of it—nevertheless. So, for a time at least, probably a long time, we must live in the age of the machine, of the pianola, the orchestron, the gramophone, and, worst of all, the human machine. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. ANDREW LANG'S ACCURACY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Birmingham University,
December 25th, 1908.

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Illustrated London News* of December 26th, replying to my remarks on his criticism of the late Professor Churton Collins, concludes as follows:—"Mr. Macmillan should not accuse me of inaccuracy. He heads his own letter 'Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus.' Does he think that Horace wrote prose, or can he scan the Latin words as part of a hexameter, which they are, in Horace, but not as Mr. Macmillan arranges them?"

Here Mr. Lang, while accusing me of inaccuracy, is himself guilty of a double inaccuracy. In the first place, I headed my letter not "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus," but "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerides." It is not Homer, but an eminent member of the noble order of Homeridae, whom I accuse of nodding. In the second place, the words "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus," which I am wrongly asserted to have put at the head of my letter, cannot be arranged so as to form part of one of Horace's hexameters, because the word "aliquando" does not occur in the line of Horace referred to. Horace wrote "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*" (whenever good Homer nods), which, being a dependent clause, can hardly be utilised without alteration as a heading. Can it be that Mr. Lang by a slip of memory supposes the exact words of Horace to have been "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," although this combination of words, if inserted in the *Ars Poetica* l. 359, would make the final "o" of "aliquando" short in accordance with the practice of the silver age, would entail a false quantity in the last syllable of the preceding word, and would spoil the sense of the passage?

Mr. Lang calls Prof. Collins's *lapsus calami* "a very comic inadvertence, for surely he read his proof-sheets." Surely Mr. Lang does not think the reading of proof-sheets an infallible preventive of slips not due to ignorance. If he does, let him turn to page 204 of his own *Homer and the Epic*, where it is asserted that "all the heroes, except Odysseus, Diomedes, and Aias, are capable of fear," although clear evidence of the susceptibility to fear of two of the heroes mentioned is afforded by *Iliad VIII.*, 77, 79, 93-98 XI., 544, 546, XVII., 242, *Odyssey V.*, 297, 406, IX., 256, 257, XI., 43, 633. Yet the proofs of this book were read by Mr. Lang and Mr. Munro, both of whom must have been perfectly familiar with the lines to which I have referred. Sarpedon should be substituted for Odysseus and Aias in the list of exceptions.

In case anything that I have written in defence of the late Professor Churton Collins or myself should appear to be disrespectful to one from whose writings I have received much instruction and delight, let me conclude with the modest

words addressed by Hector to Achilles, which have, indeed, been present to my mind since I first had the temerity to engage in this controversy:

Οἶδα δὲ σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὸς, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολλὴ χεῖρ,
Ἄλλ' ἦτοι μὲν τὰτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείται.

Perhaps Apollo may still preserve me from the Pelian spear that has been recently wielded with such power in the chivalrous task of defending the Maid of France against all detractors.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

W. B. Yeats' *Collected Works* Vol. VII., The Secret Rose, etc., John Sherman and Dhaya. Vol. VIII., Discoveries, Edmund Spenser, Poetry and Tradition, etc. Bibliography. Shakespeare Mod. Press.

MISCELLANEOUS

Critical Examination of Socialism. W. H. MALLOCK. Murray, 1s. net.

JUVENILE

Little Perkies. SETON MAY. Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. net.
Favourite Fairy Tales. HANS ANDERSEN. Blackie, 1s.

POETRY

Songs of London. A Medley, Grave and Gay. H. FURST. Gowan and Gray, 2s. 6d. net.

Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. A reprint by E. FITZGERALD, with decorations by BLANCHE McMANUS. De la More Press, 1s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

The Life of the Spirit. An Introduction to Philosophy. By RUDOLF EUCHEN, translated by F. L. POGSON. Williams and Norgate, 5s.

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Standard.—"It is a first-rate yarn."

At this season of the year new novels flow from the publishers in a ceaseless stream, and the reader finds it difficult to make his choice among them. At such a time there is always a danger of missing a book that really is worth reading; and we would therefore recommend you to lose no time in ordering from your library or bookseller.

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